



Season Two:

Episode Thirteen

Jimmy had planned to sneak into the hospital and find his mother. In his mind, it would have been easy. But he'd not accounted for the labyrinthine halls, which felt both too empty and too long. And he couldn't just stroll up to a nurse and ask for his mother's room. Everyone assumed he'd fled to Mexico after escaping jail. One positive identification and he would be sent back.

He found the hospital swarming with cops and hospital employees, with a sinking feeling in his gut, he followed the movement of the personnel down a wing, trying to be as inconspicuous as possible. Several doors away from the crux of the activity, he found a grumpy looking senior in a hospital gown watching the commotion from a wheelchair.

"What's going on?" Jimmy asked.

"Murder, that's what!" said the man, who squinted up at Jimmy. He smiled. "This place is usually boring as hell, but not today. Seems someone had it out for one of the patients down the hall."

"Why?"

"I dunno. They found her with a pillow over her face, I hear. Apparently, she ran that fancy senior living place. Not a surprise, I heard that place is pretty shady. Get it? Shady Bluff? Shady?" He chortled. "My kids wanted me to move in there, but I said, 'no, sir. Nothing that nice is actually nice when you peel back the first layer.'"

The man looked up to gauge Jimmy's reaction, but Jimmy was gone.

The Countess couldn't be far. If she'd set out to murder his mom and failed, she would certainly be close to make sure she succeeded the second time. He

began circling the parking lot, then the side streets. He knew he should be concerned about the police. An unknown man searching the area would look highly suspicious. But she'd killed his mom! After everything he'd done for the Countess, this was how she repaid him?

Then he saw the car – a sleek, silver Mercedes paused at a four-way stop. The Countess was behind the wheel. Even from a block away, with only the streetlights illuminating part of her face from the driver's side window, Jimmy could make out her satisfied expression. All other thoughts fled and his mind was overtaken by a blind rage. He would make her pay.

As the car began to pull into the intersection, Jimmy pressed down hard on the accelerator. The truck jerked forward and began to pick up speed. He just missed hitting the Countess's door, instead he made impact with the back passenger side, sending the Mercedes spinning up onto the sidewalk.

Jimmy shook his head, trying to stop the ringing in his ears, and got out of the truck. The windows on the Countess's side were smashed. The Countess wasn't moving. Her head was thrown back and there was blood on her forehead. She didn't look like she was breathing. As he peered in, he heard a gasp and turned to see Minnie scrambling to undo her seat belt. He'd not known she was here. And if she were with the Countess, it had to be for only one reason – Minnie was a killer, cold-blooded and ruthless.

The Countess must have called her in to take care of Regina. The rage once again took hold, but before he could make his way to her side of the car, she was out and running down the street.

Jimmy ran back to his truck. Smoke was coming from the grill, but the engine was running. He put the truck in drive. Minnie was still running down the middle of the road. He took his foot off the brake and began to follow her.

The blind rage consuming him began to dissipate. He thought of Pippi. She was going to be the mother of his child. She would be a really great mom, just like Regina had been.

Regina had been a better mother than he deserved. And it was his fault she was dead. If he'd not taken up the Countess's offer to help him escape prison, if he'd just have kept his head down and served his time, he would not have been spying on his own mother. Regina had risked her career and freedom to hide him and he'd used that kindness to help the woman who would murder her.

Yes, whether by Minnie's hands or the Countess's, it was Jimmy's choices that led to his mother's death.

How funny, that less than an hour before he had been imagining a life with Pippi. Had thought of how he could be a good dad. Pictured a life together with a normal family and a future where he wasn't a bad guy.

He gritted his teeth. That was all over now, wasn't it?

He expected Minnie to pick up her pace or even cut into one of the yards, but instead once she was at the next intersection, she stopped, and turned around. The expression on her face was defiant, he even thought he saw a smirk. Did she have a death wish? Maybe she already knew he didn't have it in him to run her down in cold blood.

But then he realized that behind her a vehicle was approaching much faster. And it was headed straight for him!

They must have been waiting to meet someone, Jimmy realized. Minnie stepped onto the sidewalk and the car continued forward – straight into Jimmy. As he flew through the windshield, he wasn't thinking about the fact he hadn't put on his seatbelt. He wasn't wondering who was behind the steering wheel, willing to kill themselves in order to stop Jimmy.

Instead, in his mind's eye he saw himself seated by a pond, fishing pole in hand. Beside him, triumphantly holding up a small fish, was a smaller version of himself – a little boy maybe five or six years old. *My son*, he thought. And then everything went black.

Credits

Director... Sarah Ramusack

Assistant Director: Lauren Ellegood

Writers... Billie Freeman

Doris Hendrix